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IRISH REPUBLIC BOND CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

THE EAGLE'S FEATHER

By JEAN K. BONNEAU

"Go rope your horse; he must be sold tomorrow," whispered the old man between groans, as he turned to his other side on the ragged blanket. The boy to whom he spoke sat in the center of the teepee gazing out, with unseeing eyes, at the distant snow-crowned mountain peak. He held every muscle and nerve tense lest the tears should come; it would never do for an Indian to weep, an Indian whose grandfathers sang their death-songs without a quaver; but the horse was his only companion, his only friend. The old man sighed and rubbed his hand across his inflamed lids. "Look out, Pepe," he said. "Is there not even a coyote in sight? My old stomach is glued to my back, and every bone in my body cries out for food. The evil one, my enemy, presses his teeth into my heart, and it burns. Is there nothing, nothing to see?" "Nothing," replied the boy. "Wait; I see a partridge." Picking up his gun, Pepe leaped through the opening and sped through the soft wild clover. "I must go far," he said to himself. "For although grandfather can no longer see, he hears doubly well." He ran down to the little stream that came from somewhere in the mountains, and fired off his gun into the air. Then he crept slowly, as softly as a cat, to a tree a few yards from the teepee, where he scraped under the needles and cones until he uncovered a barn-yard hen. Cautiously he retreated to the stream, where he gave a triumphant shout, then ran up the hill and into the teepee. "See, a fine one," he cried. He picked and cleaned the fowl dexterously, and then cooked it over the fire. The old man could scarcely breathe for excitement, and crooned like a child over his share; but Pepe did not eat, for his heart was heavy. He sat with his chin in his hands, watching the withered Indian, who was no longer able to tell the difference between wild and domesticated fowl. As the soft evening came, and the sun gazed for the last time that day at his own reflection in the little pools of the valley, a silk-coated black horse came loping toward the solitary teepee among the pine trees. He shook his mane from his eyes,

and his long tail swept the sage-brush behind him. Throwing back his head, he called with shrill cries that echoed against the foothills. Pepe stood erect; a joyful light spread over his face. "The horse has come," he said. "I need not rope him. Must he be sold tomorrow?" But the old man was asleep; the clean-picked bones of the chicken lay beside him. A low, cooing, whining came from the entrance flaps. The boy rose and placed his hand across the quivering nostrils of the horse, for the grandfather had not slept in many hours. Then, together, boy and horse walked out under the murmuring pines. Pepe was a Cree Indian, belonging to a Canadian tribe that had no right to expect aid from the United States government. He and his grandfather, with a small band of these aliens, had been following up the game, but the old man's feebleness and blindness so increased that he could not travel, and the others, compelled to follow the food, had left them. Nothing remained to the old warrior but the boy and the horse. Pepe was courageous, strong and agile as an antelope. At first he managed to find scattered game, but it gradually became more difficult; the wolf of starvation approached very near the pointed doorway; then Pepe took to stealing. He did not like to steal, for he belonged to a race of chiefs, and it was beneath his dignity; besides (but this was a secret he told only to the horse), the white boy that hunted and fished through the woods, with whom he often talked, would not think it right. The white boy had given him shot for his gun, and had shown him his dox, but he had no horse like Pepe's, and had envied the Indian boy. This evening he sat on the bank of the stream gazing at the stars. "The white-faced boy with the hair of sunshine can run faster than you can pace. His voice is like the coyote's, you can hear it many miles." The white boy had spoken no louder than Pepe, when they had met, but the little Indian was trying to impress the horse. In his ears kept ringing the old man's words, "He must be sold tomorrow," and Pepe knew that, although it might not happen tomorrow, the parting could not be many days off. If the white boy would only buy him, he would never be cruel to him; and maybe Pepe might sometimes see his old companion. Several days after this, Pepe, on his horse, rode down the canon. The meadow lark flew above them singing his beautiful springtime song, and Pepe thought he said, "Klahoylum, tlicum" (Good-by, friend). But the boy's eyes were dry and his face wore the calmness of his people. In the roadway lay an eagle's feather

Pepe curved over, and getting behind him. Throwing back his head, he called with shrill cries that echoed against the foothills. "This is so you will not forget me," he said. The horse paced down into the valley, and Pepe rode straight to the home of the white-faced boy. "Want sell horse. You buy him?" was the Indian's greeting. "What! You want to sell your horse! That horse? What is your reason?" was the reply. "Must have money," said Pepe. "Heap hungry." "Wait, let me think," said the white boy. "I have a plan. Do not sell him; rent him for the summer. I will give you four dollars a month, and whenever you wish him come and get him." Pepe slipped to the ground and whispered in the horse's ear: "Remember the eagle's feather. By it I promise to come for you when the roseberries are ripe." For many weeks the horse called after his master, running back and forth in his corral all night. He grew thin, and would have refused food altogether if it had not been for a small white hand that fed him, and a sweet voice that comforted him. They belonged to the white boy's little sister, who came each day to feed him oats and smooth his neck. Sometimes she would tie red ribbons in the horse's mane and tail, and ride him over the foothills. The days went by, and the horse ceased to call; but every night he would stand by the fence and gaze up toward the canon. The great yellow lilies were blooming on the mountainsides, while the red berries hung in clusters on the kinikinic. The huckleberries ripened and still Pepe did not come. "What do you think is the reason, Jack?" said the little sister. "You don't suppose he has starved to death, or has been killed, do you?" "Maybe the officers have him," Jack replied. "You know he is a Cree, and they are being rounded up and sent back to Canada. They are killing all the game." The roseberries ripened and the boy did not come. As the weeks passed on, all the Cree boys were found on the western side of the Rocky mountains were gradually gathered at a nearby military post, a poor, huddled mass of sick and starving humanity, with dull, despairing eyes, who preferred starvation to the possible punishment awaiting them for past misdeeds across the border. The band was guarded by colored soldiers stationed there, under a white commander. Stretched on his face, near one of the soldiers, lay an emaciated Indian boy. "He been that way ever since he

come, sah. Think he crazy, sah." As the officer turned away, he saw, riding across the sage-brush flat, that stretches between the town and fort, a party of gay young people on horse-back. In a race, one coal-black horse outdistanced all the rest, and the girl on his back proudly tossed her head. Suddenly the horse stopped, trembling in every limb. His shining, black eyes were fixed on the camp outside the fort. Then he gave a call, high, shrill and piercing; back through the clear air came as shrill an answer. The horse bounded forward. Over the sage-brush he flew like a bird, and bore his rider into the midst of the camp, past guard, past commander; what cared he for the cry of "Halt!" He did not stop until he reached the boy. Then his rider understood, and slipped from her saddle to the ground. "He has been expecting you ever since the roseberries ripened," she said. "Why did you not come for your money?" "The soldiers hunt, and I hide in the mountains," he replied. That night he told the horse all about it; how the old man died suddenly, and gone to the happy hunting grounds. Several days after this, escorted by the troop, the Crees were marched away. Behind the train came a band of horses, the ponies belonging to the Indians. The dust flew into the eyes of the driver, but he did not care. His face beamed with happiness, and he shouted with joy as the wind blew back his straight black hair, while he cracked his whip at the drove in front. The horse he rode tossed his head; his tail swept the sage-brush, and beside red ribbons he had an eagle's feather twisted in his mane.

OF INTEREST TO POULTRY GROWERS

Old Lady Plymouth Rock is not going to do her best, unless you give her the same kind of care that the Jersey gets. "The egg supply can be kept up in cold weather by furnishing spring conditions," says the head of the poultry department of a prominent agricultural college. "These conditions include the factors of housing and feeding. The house for the chickens should be roomy, and furnish plenty of fresh air without drafts. Meat scraps of milk should be fed to take the place of bugs and worms which are so easily found in the summer. Sprouted oats can take the place of grass and other green feeds. Grains should be scattered in straw so that the chickens will get plenty of exercise. Either sweet or sour milk can be fed, but it is not best to change from one to the other. One of the important things to consider in winter egg production is the early hatch, the same authority believes. The Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Wyandottes, and all of the birds of the American breed should be hatched by the first of April, and Leghorns not later than May first, he says. Wheat or oats straw is good for nests, and also the floor of the house. The passenger-carrying airplane has actually arrived. Seated in a luxurious cabin lighted by electricity, says Boys' Life, one can travel at a two-mile-a-minute rate over mountain and sea. The longest daily service is between London and Paris, a two and a half hour trip, which costs \$100. Regular daily schedules are now flown in the United States, France, England, Italy and Germany. The largest of these air liners carry thirty passengers and the cabins are large enough to allow them to move about comfortably. In a few months or years at most we will not turn our heads to see the passenger air liner sweep past. Hardy Small Fruit. Currants and gooseberries are very hardy and withstand extremely low temperatures; in fact, if windbreaks are provided, most varieties are able to withstand the severe conditions in most parts of the upper Mississippi valley and the northern Great Plains area.—Agricultural Department.

Small Cows Shipped Minor Hills

In Asia Minor, south of the sea and north of the Taurus range, is a region known as Cappadocia, which was a province of the Roman Empire. It was famous for its domes. Later the invading Persians there an agricultural population. Villages looked for fertile soil, but the hills were so steep that the nearby hillsides, these hills were destroyed. It is a lofty and rugged mountainous volcanic region, the mountains pouring down a little of mud, which is a rock. It is a phenomenon many parts of the world. The volcanic eruption by which the hills has produced an environment, the whole landscape sprinkled with ash. The people of that country extensively for (Cappadocia) It is an easy matter with a shovel to dig out the interior of the cones and convert it into a comfortable dwelling. This is why in such waste as to be built, some of the largest towns as many as nine stories and a door are, of course. Many of the houses have been occupied since prehistoric times. Some of them are known to be founded by Christian in the fourth century, and it is archeologists that the "cave dwellings" of Cappadocia, known by the Hittites 2500 years ago. Aninga Plant in Rivers Used to